



tion, but those whose endurance and grit had brought them thus far were ready to face the foe. Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th we arrived at Saylor's Creek. The stream had been swollen by the rains of the past few days and the waters overflowed the banks. We waded across this stream and took position on the rising ground about one hundred yards beyond. The ground was covered with a growth of broom straw and a few small bushes—mostly pine. Our line of battle was long drawn out—exceedingly thin. Very soon after taking our position the enemy opened a brisk fire from a battery posted on the opposite ridge, about 200 yards away. We had no artillery to return the fire. This fire did but little damage to our immediate command, but our line suffered severely further to the right. Their infantry then appeared in solid line. They moved steadily forward, reached the creek which we had so recently crossed, waded through, as we had done, dressed up the line and continued their advance towards the rising ground where our men lay. When they had advanced to within thirty or forty paces of our line the order was given to charge. In a flash the two lines met and fought like demons, and rushing upon their line, it has always been a mystery to me why they did not then and there wipe our little band from the face of the earth. It may be that the very nature of our charges bewildered and demoralized them. At any rate, they broke and fled just before we reached them, but a portion of the line engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. We followed them to the edge of the stream, where they plunged, our men keeping up a deadly fire on them as they crossed. It was during this charge that my company suffered most severely. One third were either killed or wounded, more or less severely.

RETREAT FROM RICHMOND.

COL. CRUTCHFIELD AND THE "ARTILLERY BRIGADE."

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

A FORCED MARCH 'MID COLD AND RAIN.

FIGHT AT SAILOR'S CREEK.

A Desperate Charge—Yelled Like Demons—A Gallant Officer Killed—Forced to Surrender—Prisoners of War—Some of the Captured.

Richmond, Va., April 27, 1867.

To the Editor of the Dispatch: Being on a visit to Richmond from my home in St. Louis, I noticed in your paper of the 25th instant a letter from Colonel R. T. W. Duke, giving some incidents of the retreat from Richmond and the fight at Saylor's Creek. This has put me in a reminiscent mood, and I would like to give, for your Confederate column, some of my recollections of those stirring times, more especially of the retreat from Richmond and the participation of my command in the battle of Saylor's Creek.

During the winter of 1864-'65 my battalion, the Tenth Virginia Artillery, was stationed immediately in front of Fort Harrison. The battalion had formerly been commanded by Major William Allen, of Clermont, but at that time by Major J. O. Hensley, of Bedford county. It was composed of five companies—Companies A and C, from Richmond, commanded respectively by Captains J. W. Barlow and Thomas P. Wilkinson; Company B, from Bedford county, Captain Robert H. Clayton; Company D, from Prince George, Captain C. Shirley Harrison, of Brandon, and Company E, from Henrico, Captain Thomas Ballard Blake. Lieutenant J. M. Wilson was adjutant.

The Tenth Virginia Artillery, and the Nineteenth Virginia Battalion (also composed of five companies) were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John Wilder Atkinson, of Richmond, with Lieutenant John L. Cowardin as adjutant.

The Eighteenth and Twentieth Virginia Battalions, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel James Howard, of Baltimore, and the Eighteenth Georgia Battalion, also attached to our command, formed the brigade which at that time was under the command of Colonel Crutchfield.

If I have made any omission I would be glad to have them supplied. The adjutant-general of the brigade was Captain W. H. Worthington, of Richmond. Captain Worthington had been a schoolmaster at Hanover Academy just before the war. Major-General G. W. Custis Lee commanded the division and Lieutenant-General Ewell the corps.

We were thoroughly drilled in artillery practice, and manned the heavy guns on the line of the Richmond defenses. We were also well drilled in infantry tactics and were armed with rifles. I wish it was possible to give all the names of the command, but space would not permit it, even if I could recall them to mind after all these years. I would be glad to see published a complete roster of all officers and men of the Artillery Brigade at the time of the evacuation, and of those who were at Saylor's Creek, and of those who were at Saylor's Creek, and of those who were at Saylor's Creek.

RICHMOND WAS BURNING.

Early Monday morning we learned that Richmond was burning. We were then moving in the direction of Burkeville Junction. It was a forced march, halting only to rest our arms. To add to other discomforts, a cold rain fell in footpads, almost starved, and well exhausted, we continued the march. There being no commissary stores from which to draw, no rations had been issued since leaving the lines, and as before stated, we started with empty haversacks. The resources of the country through which we were passing had been almost exhausted, and we had to gather up and eat the grains of corn left on the ground where the Yankees had fed, whenever we could find any. We were, moreover, constantly annoyed by the enemy's cavalry, which hung on our rear. Thus the retreat continued until the afternoon of Thursday, April 6th. Most of the half of our men had straggled or fallen by the wayside from sheer exhaustion.

Cataract

Mrs. Josephine Polhill, of Due West, S. C., had a severe case of cataract, which finally became so deep-seated that she was entirely deaf in one ear, and part of the bone in her nose sloughed off. The best physicians treated her in vain, and she used various applications and sprays and washes to no avail. Fourteen bottles of S. S. S. promptly reached the seat of the disease, and cured her sound and well.

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Will you pardon me for a brief description of that battle? I shall never forget the morning of that typical summer morning in the Old Dominion, such as I had enjoyed intensely in my childhood. The air was sweet and fresh, and the sun was shining brightly. I was standing in the front of the line, and I was looking towards the enemy's position. I was looking towards the enemy's position, and I was looking towards the enemy's position.

GENERAL GEORGE J. HUNDLEY.

I know your good works and feel like applying to you the words of the Great Apostle, "We are bound to thank God always for you, brethren, as it is meet, because that the charity of you all abounds." I have been among the worn and scarred veterans, replying in their past days beneath the shelter of their loved ones, and I have seen the comforts provided for their maimed, old bodies, that otherwise they never could have known. Winter before last I thought for a time that our boys—the sons of the South—were going to deny to these our broken comrades, a State appropriation. It was not long, however, before their true manliness and nobility of nature asserted itself, and they quickly rectified their one mistake, giving you the means to carry on your good work.

Now, my comrades, with these preliminaries, I shall make my subject for the occasion "The Southern Soldier."

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NO MORE FIGHTING FOR THEM.

When we hear of the Venezuelan dispute and the Cuban war, our blood may tingle, and lifting our heads and straightening our backs, we may strut a little, but soon the twinges of rheumatism or the pains of old wounds will remind us of the old days, and the changes and of our own untimely fates.

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THE SHIPBUILDING PLANT AT NEWPORT NEWS.

The shipbuilding plant at Newport News, when fully completed, will be the largest of its kind in the United States, said Mr. Fred Reade, one of the enterprising citizens of that growing city, at the Hotel Johnson, Tuesday afternoon.

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A New Juliet.

(New York Weekly.)

Pair Young Creature (after some recitations): Do you think I would do for a Juliet?

(Anxious not to hurt her feelings): Um—well—you'd look very pretty in the tomb.

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More faith will not digest your food for you, will not give you an appetite, will not increase your flesh and strengthen your nerves and heart. But Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will do these things, because they invigorate the stomach, excite digestion, they contain the juices, acids, and peptones necessary to the digestion and assimilation of all wholesome food.

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GO TO YOUR DOCTOR FOR ADVICE.

He is the best man to tell you what medicine you need. Go to your druggist for your medicines; he knows more about drugs than a dry-goods man.

Stick to your doctor and to your druggist if you are a sick man, but don't go to your druggist for advice. If your doctor tells you to get Scott's Emulsion it is because he knows it is the best remedy in all conditions of wasting, the one reliable, permanent preparation.

Get what you ask for.

March a little corn in his pan. I answered "Yes," and he drew around to the front an old, dirty, cotton haversack, took out a handful of corn, and put it in his pan. He was only a plain, old, faded, but he was a first-class type of that immortal infantry that fought the bloody battle of Saylor's Creek.

"My friend, is that all you have to eat?" He said, "This is all, and I have had nothing else for three days."

STAND BY LEE UNTIL THE LAST.

I said: "Are you going to stand by Old Mars to the last?" He straightened up at once, with a light in his eye that showed me that he was a man of iron. "I intend to stand by him to the last."

I reached back for my haversack, and found it filled with corn. He helped himself modestly, and even as he ate I felt assured.

Next morning, at sound of the bugle, I rose, and looked around for my comrade of the night before, but the "foot cavalry" was gone. I saw no more of him. He was on his way to Saylor's Creek, where, may be, he joined the rank of those who were to stand by Lee until the last.

Then I saw the sad remnant that rallied around the form of their great leader, and there uttered their last adieu. They brought him out on a blanket after the last charge—a dead cavalryman—wounded and killed. He was lying on his back, and his head was turned towards the front.

And then, my comrades, picture to you the scene that followed. Here our southern soldiers have for thirty-two years traced a record which deserves to be remembered. They were the men who fought the battle of Saylor's Creek.

THE DEEDS OF LEE, JACKSON, AND STUART.

In this world's history of wars and battles, though the blood there will be one page everlastingly glorious, brightening as the eternal ages roll, over the annals of the world, there can be no more exult. There will be recorded the deeds of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and General Stuart.

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